

Meanwhile, in an Alternate Dimension

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Summary

Ephram deals with his unreal life.

There have been more than a few times since he moved to Everwood when Ephram's had the weird feeling that he's wandered into an alternate dimension. Or maybe a dream, and he's going to wake up to his real life, still going on in New York.

His *real* life doesn't have things like town festivals, or his strangely involved and hairy dad, or a soap opera where his rival is a boy in a coma. Where people die, just like that, and the whole world falls apart.

Ephram's pretty sure his life made sense back before his mom died. It's only since his dad dragged him across the country that things have gone crazy.

This is even crazier than usual, though. This is so crazy Ephram still can't really grasp it. It makes his dad look normal.

"You okay, dude?" Bright whispers into his ear.

Ephram opens his eyes. Bright's just a few inches away, hardly any space between them. He's staring at Ephram, looking a little worried.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Ephram says. His voice cracks a little, which is both annoying and all too predictable. He's whispering, too, even though there's no one else in the house to hear either of them. Nina and Dad took Delia to Denver for the aquarium or shopping or something. They wouldn't be home for hours.

Bright doesn't look all that convinced. "Uh-huh. That's why you look like you're freaking out."

He can feel the flush come to his face. Sometimes he thinks his body's just out to get him.

Bright squints at him and pushes himself up on his elbow. "This isn't, uh, the first time you've made out with somebody, is it? I mean, I just kind of assumed--"

"Oh, shut up," Ephram says. "It's just weird, all right?"

It wasn't *that* long ago that Bright was the asshole jock he lived to avoid. Yesterday Ephram had gone over to the Abbotts' to watch a movie. He'd sat next to Bright on the couch and they'd held hands behind a pillow.

"Do you want me to leave or something?" Bright says, looking confused and probably really frustrated. Bright wouldn't know existential angst if it won the Super Bowl.

"Don't be stupid. I wouldn't have told you to come over if I didn't mean it. Just -- come here." He pulls on Bright's arm, and Bright settles heavily back next to him.

They're in Ephram's room, on Ephram's bed. Ephram's lost track of how long they've been kissing. Their sweaters and jackets are all thrown to his floor in forgotten clumps.

Making out is good. Ephram's a big fan of making out. He's good at it. And Bright is, too, which adds another hidden depth to his character: good at sports; loyal; good kisser. Next thing Ephram knows, he's going to turn out to be a secret mathematical genius or something, too.

He kisses Bright again before Bright gets a chance to do it. Bright just makes an "oomph" noise and wraps his arm around Ephram's back.

He's noticed that Bright pretty much seems to be happy with whatever Ephram decides to do to him. It gives Ephram kind of a rush -- like *he* has the power. Just that makes it different than any other time he's done this, when he was scared if he touched the wrong place or did the wrong thing the girl was going to jump up, scream at him, and take all her toys home.

Ephram nudges him slightly and Bright just follows his lead and rolls onto his back. It makes Ephram want to just get closer, even as he's practically crawling on top of him already, even when they're already having incredibly intimate knowledge of each other's tonsils.

He's pretty sure Bright's not going to freak out when he feels Ephram's hard-on.

Ephram moves his mouth away, turning his head to suck in a breath. Bright's hand is under his shirt, warm against his spine.

Bright rubs his face up, nuzzling against Ephram's hair, and Ephram is hit with a bizarre rush of giddiness.

He slips his fingers under Bright's t-shirt, just above the waistband. He says, "Do you want to..."

Bright says, "Hell, *yeah*."

"Okay." Ephram's grinning like a dork, but Bright knows him already anyway. He kneels up, pulls his shirt over his head and throws it over the side of the bed.

Bright's shirt is gone, too, now. Bright is all the stuff Ephram isn't -- tan, muscled, relaxed -- but right now Ephram doesn't care. They're half-naked in Ephram's bed.

Ephram pushes him down again, or maybe Bright pulls, but either way they tumble down, and they're both adjusting to get a more comfortable position when -- mostly innocently, Ephram's pretty sure -- the jostling turns into something else.

"Oh, Jesus," Bright says clearly. Ephram can just make a vague noise of agreement or appreciation.

Ephram has been told that he thinks too much. Ephram doesn't want to think right now.

His hands are moving kind of awkwardly; he doesn't know where they go. He tries attaching them to Bright's side, a little afraid it'll end up tickling, but it's just muscle and bone beneath his hands, and Bright tugs on him some more.

Bright is trying to be gentle, it seems like, but it's not like Bright's ever subtle. He's just trying to get Ephram to move so their bodies are as close together as possible and so that they're rubbing against each other as much as possible. It's not as if Ephram has a problem with any of that, though, even if he is a little stuck on how *intimate* this is. That's Bright's dick, hard up against his, just a couple layers of fabric between them. They're practically having sex.

Ephram swallows hard and moves his hands down, ducking his fingertips under the waistband of Bright's jeans and boxers. The skin on his hips feels the same as his skin everywhere else, warm and kind of rough.

"Um, Bright," he says, his voice a little shaky. "Have you ever, you know. Had sex?"

Bright blinks, concentrating enough to look back to Ephram's face. "Nooooo," he says reluctantly, sounding kind of embarrassed.

Ephram's relieved by this revelation, but he's not going to tell Bright that. "So, uh. Is it okay if I..." He tugs at Bright's waistband.

Bright's nods are almost violent. "Uh, yeah. Yes. That'd be good. If you want, I mean."

Bright groans a little as Ephram moves away. He's wearing jeans, regular boring ones like the kind Ephram wears, and Ephram unbuttons and unzips them easy, and then he has to freeze, because ... man. He really *must* be queer if just a look can do this, if just seeing Bright's dick (he's so *hard*, Ephram thinks) can make his own feel like this.

He closes his eyes tight as he sticks his hand in Bright's pants and leans forward again.

Bright kisses him back eagerly, nipping all around his lips and thrusting up against Ephram's hand. "C'mon," he says, and Ephram opens his eyes as Bright scrambles them back over.

Ephram rests his head back to look at the ceiling while Bright fiddles between them, saying stuff that doesn't sound like a real sentence. "Just -- can you -- come on --"

He opens Ephram's pants then, grabs Ephram's hand again and drags it down. Ephram couldn't think now if he wanted to, just feel. Bright's body is heavy against his, and his hand is warm, there with his against their underwear, their ... cocks.

Bright is kissing him, he's sucking on his neck, Ephram's going to have a *hickey*, for God's sake.

"Jesus, Bright," Ephram says breathlessly. He'd never known that this was what was there between them.

"Mmmm," Bright says against his neck, and Ephram shudders all over and tries to get himself together enough to find Bright's dick again and squeeze. He knows it works when Bright makes this funny groan and says "Oh, crap," sounding even more desperate than Ephram.

And then they're kissing again and grinding and okay, Ephram can admit it, he's never done anything like this before, not even *close*, but this is so much better than the times he touches himself in his room or in the bathroom with Delia always knocking right in the middle to ask how long he'll be and even his dreams, the ones where he's doing things he sometimes thought *never* would really ever happen to him. Even those aren't this good.

Ephram expected this to be more embarrassing. Their elbows and

chins are banging and everything in a way that borders on uncomfortable. But he's not worrying that he's doing it wrong or hurting him or not finding the right spot or just, just doing it badly.

"Oh, *crap*," Bright says again. "I'm sorry, dude, I just, I'm going to--"

All of a sudden Bright just stretches full out and freezes all over and makes this quiet hoarse cry. It hits Ephram -- Bright's *coming* -- right before Bright collapses on top of him.

"Bright, god," Ephram says. He feels like he's never going to be able to breathe again. It's not just from the weight on his chest.

"Yeah, yeah," Bright says with something like a sigh. He shifts his weight off, and Ephram can take his hand out from between them and stretch it, a little numb and damp now.

Ephram turns his head, almost bumping into Bright's face, which looks surprised, or amazed, or something. "Here," Bright says, "let me, okay?"

"Sure," Ephram says.

Bright smiles and runs his hand down Ephram's chest, back down to his boxers like it was before. Only now he's under, his fingers moving all around, brushing over Ephram's dick, balls, hips, and bones.

Ephram groans. "I hate you."

"Nah. You're crazy about me." Bright takes Ephram's cock in his hand, all tight and hot, and starts stroking. One, two, three... "Just do it, man," Bright whispers, staring him in the eye, and Ephram sucks in a breath and shakes and comes all over his hand.

Ephram feels kind of stunned, like someone's hit him hard on the head. He watches Bright as he makes a face and wipes his hand off on his jeans. It makes a weird blotch.

"So, uh. When do you have to go home?" His voice is pretty groggy.

Bright finishes buttoning up his jeans. "Not for a while," he says, in this voice like he's just trying to be casual but isn't really there.

"My dad left money for pizza," Ephram says, and Bright grins widely.

This might not be Ephram's real life, but it's a pretty good one anyway.

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